

Home.

There childhood nestles like a bird which has built its abode among roses; there the cares and the coldness of earth are, as long as possible, averted. Flowers there bloom, or fruits invite on every side, and their paradise would indeed be restored, could mortal power ward off the consequences of sin. This new garden of the Lord would then abound in beauty unsullied, and trees of the Lord's planting, bearing fruit to his glory, would be found in plenty there—it would be reality, and not mere poetry, to speak of,

"My own dear quiet home
The Eden of my heart."

Home of my childhood! What words fall upon the ear with so much of music in their cadence as those which recall the scenes of innocent and happy childhood, now numbered with the memories of the past! How fond recollection delights to dwell upon the events which marked our early pathway, when the unbroken home-circle presented a scene of loveliness vainly sought but in the bosom of a happy family! Intervening years have not dimmed the vivid coloring with which memory has adorned those joyous hours of youthful innocence. We are again borne on the wings of imagination to the place made sacred by the remembrance of a father's care, a mother's love, and the cherished association of brothers and sisters. Home! how often we hear persons speak of the home of their childhood. Their minds seem to delight in dwelling upon the recollections of joyous days spent beneath the parental roof, when their young and happy hearts were as light and as free as the birds who made the woods resound with the melody of their cheerful voices. What a blessing it is, when weary with care and burdened with sorrow, to have a home to which we can go and there, in the midst of friends we love, forget our troubles and dwell in peace and quietness. There is no happiness in life, there is no misery like that growing out of the dispositions which consecrate or desecrate a home. Peace at home, that is the boon. He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home." Home should be made so truly home that the weary tempted heart could turn toward it anywhere on the dusty highway of life and receive light and strength.

It should be the sacred refuge of our lives, whether rich or poor. The affections and loves of home are graceful things, especially among the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may forged be on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the true metal and bear the stamp of heaven. These affections and loves constitute the poetry of human life, and, so far, our present existence is concerned with all the domestic relations, are worth more than all other social ties. They give the first throb to the heart and unseal the deep fountains of its love. Home is the chief school of human virtue. Its responsibilities, joys, sorrows, smiles, tears, hopes, and solicitudes form the chief interest of human life. There is nothing in the world which is so venerable as the character of parents; nothing so intimate and endearing as the relation of husband and wife; nothing so tender as that of children; nothing so lovely as those of brothers and sisters. The little circle is made one by a singular union of the affections. The only fountain in the wilderness of life, where man drinks of water totally unmixed with bitter ingredients, is that which gushes for him in the calm and shady recess of domestic life. Pleasure may heat the heart with artificial excitement, ambition may delude it with golden dreams, war may eradicate its fine fibers and diminish its sensitiveness, but it is only domestic love that can render it truly happy. Even as the sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays, the home life must be constituted of little tendernesses, kind looks, sweet laughter, gentle words, loving counsels; it must not be like the torch-blaze of natural excitement which is easily quenched, but like the serene, chastened light which burns as safely in the dry east wind as in the stillest atmosphere. Let each bear the other's burden the while—let each cultivate the mutual confidence which is a gift capable of increase and improvement—and soon it will be found that kindness will spring up on every side, displacing con-

stitutional unsuitability, want of mutual knowledge, even as we have seen sweet violets and primroses dispelling the gloom of the gray sea-rocks.

There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household on which Christian love forever smiles, and where religion walks a counselor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin-stars are centered in the soul. No storms can make it tremble, for it has a heavenly support and a heavenly anchor.—SEL.

King Alcohol on the Throne.

This country, this grand universe of ours, fashioned by God's own hand, is now withering under a blighting curse. We refer to the whiskey curse. Yes, King Alcohol is on the throne, and do we realize the danger we are in? Do we not perceive the dark and misty cloud hanging over us, and which will remain as long as King alcohol is allowed to reign? We cannot number the bright days that this demon has taken from us by hanging a misty veil over our face. And still he keeps us "under his thumb." We submit to him as King.—King alcohol on the throne. I despise theology and botany, but I love temperance and flowers. Liquor and Christianity do not go together. As one comes the other goes. If any man doesn't like what I say, let him come to me and say so, and I will forgive him. Whiskey is a good thing in its place, but where is its place? This world is too good a place for it—I will drink none of it here.

Heaven is the center of gravity for righteousness; hell is the center of gravity for wickedness. One is the lineage of salvation and the other the lineage of damnation. The devil has woven his thousand webs and set his traps to catch his prey. His position is established. He is prominent and knowing and is the very foundation of nearly all evil and crime. His checks are spread all over this entire universe. He is seen in most every town. In fact he can be compared to the bubbling streams of water with many fountain heads, and woe be unto them that drift into its current, for destruction will be their doom. He has ensnared his millions. This nation is subject to his ruling. He corrupts the ballot and interferences with justice and right. He secretly steals upon you and entwines you in his snare. He causes strife and misery, wickedness and woe, sadness and sorrow, wherever he goes. He stains the purity of the heart, destroys the intellect, and leaves an impress of sadness and shame to darken the countenance of humanity for future generations to come! What my friends, will we do with him? What can be done? He has become so firmly established, and has such an extensive existence that it seems almost impossible to wipe him out of our land. After all the effort that has been put forth by man to remove him he remains as firm as ever.

If we look at this world we can see it moving the same way as in the days of Noah—the world became so corrupt that God destroyed it. Do not misunderstand me. The world to-day is as pure and holy and perfect as when God's hand created it. It was the wickedness of the people that caused the angels in heaven to weep. Yes, even our God wept that he had created man in his own image, pure as snow, and placed him in the garden of Eden, to see him after he had conferred upon him the grace and wisdom to know and do his will, with his fiery serpent, the tongue, stop his heart with oaths, and break his bones with infidelity, and spit iniquity in his face—all on account of wine in those days. When we know these things we cannot help but say that the time is not at a far distance, when God will rend this earth from top to bottom. I imagine I can see him coming with great power and vengeance on his face. Yes, my Lord, thou hast wept long enough; thy wrath is justifiable, but I pray thee spare thy wayward children. Oh! the burden that this demon Alcohol inflicts upon us, and the misery and suffering that we endure at his hands. He brings starvation to the poor, and destitute children here and there and everywhere have been turned out into the cold to strive for a living. Think of the heart-breaking sadness that he brings to the poor woman who has a husband that drinks, or

where the father and his son come home after a hard day of toil, then take their earnings and buy damnation and apply it to their person until they become beastly drunk. On the other hand think of the joy in the home where, after daily toil is o'er, a peaceful family gathers round the altar to bless God that he spared their lives through another day that is past and gone, and ask him to watch over them and all his children until morning. My friends, this king fills the prison cells and lunatic asylums and makes victims for the gallows.

What will we do with him? We all know well the condition this country is in, and will be as long as King alcohol remains on the throne. Will we lie dormant and leave this demon rage, or will we rise and form a league against him. It is the duty of you and I to put forth our efforts to subdue this demon. And you, Christian worshipers, where are you, and why do we not see you engaged in this work. You need not go out of your vicinity to work. But may you shun the work and complain of its effects. You will not put forth your influences and cast your vote against him. How can you ask the blessing of God to abide with you when you will not try to do that which lies in your power to do. Oh, you 17,000,000 Christian professors, why not come out on the stage of action, and show your authority. It is your duty to assist in stamping out of existence forever this demon by taking away the fountain heads of this flowing stream of iniquity. I ask you for your sake and for our blessed Redeemer's sake to join in one accord and show your strength, that King Alcohol may be dethroned and peace and purity once more reign.

EPHRAIM SHAFER.

Seek Them.

Christian workers should never forget this one thing, that if they wish to save souls they must seek them. The harvest is ready, but the harvest is not going to come to the reapers and ask to be gathered, but the reapers must go to the harvest. There are so many souls who would willingly come into the kingdom if they were only asked. The Savior said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and they who seek for souls to bring them into the kingdom lose much by not going out into the highways and hedges to such as will not come into the church.—THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.

Weakness a Source of Strength.

For when I am weak, then am I strong.—II. Cor. xii., 10. Paul deals in paradox. Two things, a weakness and a strength, both real and existing in the same man and the weakness in some sense the cause of strength. I. Paul's weakness. This was one of the most distinctive preparations for his work. It was not a characteristic of his mental equipment, nor of his moral fibre, but of his physical frame. He had to contend with some distressing bodily infirmity, as his writings show, and as may be inferred from having Luke, the beloved physician in his missionary band. He was his permanent medical attendant. Paul was afflicted also with some defect in utterance. This must have been a constant trial to him as a public speaker, and this may have caused his depression of spirits at Troas and Rome. II. The connection of Paul's weakness with his strength. There was a strength in his weakness. God thus compensates. Woman's weakness is a plea against assault. So with a child. So with Paul, the earthliness of the vessel was so apparent that the power was manifestly of God. There was strength as the result of weakness. His weakness led him to cast himself unreservedly upon the divine help, and it led him to have great sympathy toward his fellow-men. He was gentle as a nurse and wept frequently. His attachments were beautiful and his salutations affectionate. There was a strength summing up his weakness. He labored as though he had no infirmity. He was impelled by faith and gratitude. He moved in the midst of unseen realities and he felt he owed every thing to Jesus. Our feebleness may make us care more for Christ. Much can be established notwithstanding weakness. Weakness can only be overcome through faith and consecration like Paul's.—WM. M. TAYLOR, D. D., LL. D., N. Y.